



TELL THEM TO OBEY THE LAWS AND UPHOLD THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.—LAST WORDS OF STEPHEN A. DOUGLASS.

URBANA, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12, 1865.

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ALL DRUGGISTS IN URBANA

Select Poetry.

The Cottage and Napoleon.

Oh any one read the following stanzas, translated from Beranger, the greatest lyric poet of the nineteenth century, and wonder why France, from Estager to King, mourns the death of her sweet ballad singer?

And the lowly, straw-built ohed,

Long will the peasant seek his glory;

And when some fifty years have fled,

The thatch will hear no other story.

Around some old and hoary dame

The village crowd will oft exclaim:

"Mother, how still thy fingers chime

Tell us the tales of other times.

He wrung us, say, if thou wilt,

The people love thy memory still;

Mother, now the day is dim,

Mother, tell us now of him."

"My children—in our village here,

I saw him once by kings attended:

For scarce my maiden days were ended.

On foot he climbed the hill, and high

To where I watched him passing by;

Small his hat upon that day,

And his face was pale and gray;

And when he saw me shake with dread,

"Good day to you, my dear," he said;

"With me, and mother, is it true?"

Mother, did he speak to you?"

"From this a year I passed away:

Again in Paris streets I found him;

"Nearer than he did that day,"

With all his brilliant court around him—

All eyes admired the show the while,

No face that did not wear the smile;

"See how brightly shines the sky!"

"Is for him?" the people cry:

And then his face was soft with joy,

For he had met his wife a boy."

"Mother, oh! how glad to see

Days that must so happy be!"

"But when o'er our province ran

The bloody armies of the strangers,

Alone he seemed, that famous man,

To fight against a thousand dangers.

One evening, just like this one here,

I heard a knock that made me start,

Entered, when I'd the door;

He, and grand old Napoleon, were

And seated where I sit, he said,

"To what a war I have been led!"

"Mother, and was that the cheer?"

Mother, was he seated there?"

"Dance, I am sorry," then he cried;

I set out wine and bread before him;

There at the fire his clothes he dried,

And slept while watched his followers o'er him.

When I saw him sleep so soundly,

He said, "Nay, one France is strong;

Soon I will have her wrong."

It is the dearest thing of mine,

The glass in which he drank his wine."

"And, through the glass of good and ill,

Mother, you have kept it still."

"All Sorts of Good Reading.

SOMETHING ABOUT WOMEN.

BEING ADVICE FROM A FATHER TO HIS SON.

BY MR. CARBON.

[From the Philadelphia Sunday Mercury.]

My Son—Some days since I administered to you a short but serious bit of advice concerning whisky straight and whisky sour; or rather, as to what sort of people they are who drink these alcoholic compounds.

Your trunk is now packed, your boots pinch your feet no more, the maternal apron string is severed, your sister has abstracted the last twenty dollar greenback from the market.

And you are, ready, eager and ripe for the battle of life, with all its mysteries of hard up, and miseries of down at the heel.

There is one fact, and that is, next to an hereditary fondness for whisky, you have another weakness—women. You need not blush. I always regard the sudden flushing up of a man's face as prima facie evidence that he has been at something of which he is ashamed. No man need be ashamed of having a fondness for women. It is natural. It is human. Woman is divine—especially after dinner.

After dinner, when her temper has been thoroughly crushed down—battered out beneath a tremendous weight of roast beef, potatoes, and apple pudding. Before dinner she is variable, sometimes nervous, and always looking for something she has not lost. Commend me, my son, to the woman who dines heartily, thinks her own business as well as that of her neighbors, who does not make a fuss of herself, and who can drink a cup of Young Hyson without sneezing it with the shreds she has picked up in job lots in the street. A silent tongue in women bespeaks longevity, love, and the meekness of submission.

There are divers kinds of women, my son. Women, were they all alike, would not be worth much as one of the luxuries of this world. Variety, my dear son, is not only the spice, but the comfort of life, which, perhaps, accounts for the tendency of some married men to go abroad after those comforts which can be had at home, and which are pleasurable in their nature, but which from long familiarity, do not have the charm of novelty. Men will, as he has always done since the world began, continue to run after strange gods—particularly if these strange gods

were crinolines, have dimpled cheeks, rosy lips, roguish eyes, and are all the more compliant with an increase of worshipers.

Women takes to flattery, my son, as naturally as men do to their morning eye-opener. It is the sugar of their existence. But twice to the unlucky wight who does not understand the art of administering it. It has to be given with care. It must be prepared and put up in doses to suit the patient, like medicine.

Some women will take flattery and adulation as the glutton swallows cream tarts, and are unhappy and miserable if they lose their daily dose. Others take it well.

The plain and unadorned article makes them quail. Others, again, pretend to abhor compliment in all its forms, and yet they are only fishing for a larger share than of right belongs to them. At the first nibble they toss their pretty heads and out their inviting lips, and are ready for a whole-sale bite.

When a woman tells you she detests flattery, my boy, don't believe her. There is a woman in a life for flattery. There is a woman in a life for flattery. There is a woman in a life for flattery.

The brown-haired, blue-eyed woman is amiable in disposition, true as steel, and with him she loves, never jealous. Jealousy, my boy, with the majority of woman-kind, like variety to man, is the spice of their existence. They revel in it, and like the lotus eaters, get wild, crazy over it, and finally either are bopped for the Kirkbride Institute or go off into a chronic hysteria. A jealous woman is a fool, and with such a woman for a wife the husband is a greater fool than she, if he do not give her green reasons for hobnobbing with the coo-eyed monster.

A red-haired woman is apt to be steadfast in her affections, and to understand the art of cooking cat-fish and baking bread to perfection. She has a temper not particularly even, is inclined to break out like an epidemic when least expected. Red-haired women, my boy, are very fond of being widows, and of moving from place to place at least that is my experience. Your mother's hair was slightly auburn, but during the first five years of our married life it gradually assumed a darker tint, which fact I attribute entirely to the suddenly-acquired fondness for her part for pork and beans. I attribute the hardness of my hair altogether to a too great partiality for Hash in my younger days. I have noticed, my son, the people who eat too much Hash become sour and morose in their disposition. Corned beef and cabbage superinduces indigestion, and is a very appropriate diet for politicians and temperance lecturers who happen to be long in body and short in mind.

Never marry a short, diminutive woman. You will never be able to find her when you want her. You will be just as likely to lose her some fine morning as not. Little women have a great penchant for running off with women's husbands. In fact so far as my observation goes—take it as a rule, which is made all the stronger by the exceptions—little women are always at it. Like the shikspooks on the surface of a pond, they are never quiet.

What you want is a woman who steps off easily and gracefully, like a quarter gallop—one whose manner and mein reminds you of your mother. For to you and to all men, looking back through years into the long time of dead years into the paradise of youth, the mother seems perfection. It is the name of mother that is the synonym of home. Happy is the man who sees in his wife something of action or words, that brings a memory of his mother. His home will be happy one.

Select a woman for a wife who thinks as much of a sixpence as she does of a silk dress, and you will be able always to have the former in your pocket and the latter for her.

Economy, with due regard to comfort, in the household, is an assurance of success in business.

The Future.

These difficulties are not over. When the war is at an end they will not be over. When the South is conquered, and comes back to the Union, they will not be over—indeed, they will hardly have begun. The future is a long day, and we and our successors are doomed to live in it, and endure its many, and as yet undiscoverable, vicissitudes. We have, for the last four years, been begueting causes with great rapidity, every one of which will insist upon producing its appropriate consequence. Of these causes, political conditions are only a part—economical conditions only a part. Character—that of the Northern and that of the Southern people—the influence of the contest upon both, the "carnities" burned as with fire into the hearts of a vast population, are all to tell in future distractions and commotions. Among the elements of ominous portent in our future is that want of magnanimity in the Northern heart, so plainly perceptible now, and growing continually more and more open and

offensive in its manifestations. Vulgar exultation over the friends of peace at home seems to be accepted as a legitimate mode of arriving at popularity, and he who is most noisy and heartless in its exhibition is accepted at once as the best type of our collective character. A heartless people is nationally a short-lived one. We are cultivating manners which will, by and by, prove uncomfortable to ourselves.

Let us take care. Our Administration is sitting out, at the public expense, pleasure excursions to the conquered and dismantled cities of the Confederacy—sending Northern gentlemen and ladies to view and exult over a subdued and humiliated people—preparing showy celebrations and ostentatious flag-raising, to indicate our physical superiority, and typify the subjection to which the rebellious spectators are reduced. The great Hecher, the truest representative of the sham piety, real cruelty, and virulent political diseases of the times, is to go down to Charleston, and there, now that the people are enchained and in terror, is to have immunity to howl his ferocious platitudes in the ears of those who abhor alike his person and his principles. It is not enough to conquer we must insult. Our nature requires it. God grant that such a nature may not, in the end, prove a bitter scourge to its possessors.

The truly brave are ever magnanimous. To insult a fallen enemy has always been considered an act of which none but the meanest would be guilty. We, the people of the North, are begetting no good evidence of our collective greatness of soul—no indisputable proof of our ability to undertake the most delicate and difficult of all tasks: that of governing a subject people, inimical at heart, unlike in temper and manners, and with memories stored with records of deadly injuries. With the wrecks of our own institutions, which are rather the monuments of what once was than the maimed remains of any present or probable future condition, with an inevitable revolution, social and political, before us, with the seeds of innumerable personal and factional enmities among us, which every party whisper and partisan organ is doing the utmost in its power to aggravate and inflame, we are—or at least many believe we are—about to undertake a task which needs, for its successful performance, the coolest judgement, the profoundest tranquillity, and the most enlightened wisdom.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

What the Spiritualists are Doing.

Nowman, March 2, 1865.

Mr. D. D. Home gave a reading in Norwich on Tuesday evening, to an audience composed of the elite of the city. He was highly praised at the conclusion, and received a very complimentary notice from the editor of the Bulletin the next morning. During the reading of the poem "On the shores of Tennessee," Mr. Home was, slightly, impressed with the spiritual influence, and at the conclusion of the verse, where the old soldier dies, a loud knock was heard upon the stage. A gentleman of veracity, and not a spiritualist, informs us that at this moment he saw upon the stage beside Mr. Home the forms of two females, one very distinct and the other shadowy. Were it not that we are acquainted with the gentleman and know that he is to be relied upon, we should be inclined to doubt the truth of his statement. We had an opportunity of seeing some of the wonderful manifestations which have rendered Mr. Home world renowned, at a private seance given at the residence of one of the citizens of this place. A circle of six, the medium making the seventh, was ranged around the table, a circular lamp shedding a subdued light over the scene. The party joined in singing, during which the raps commenced, and upon the table and around the room, these were followed by a violent jarring of the whole furniture of the room, more especially the table and chairs used by the circle. Gusts of cold air would at times sweep around the table, though all the doors and windows were closed, and the room well heated by steam.

An accident being held under the table by one of the circle, the unseen powers were asked to play upon it, which they did, giving any tone which was asked for. One air was especially beautiful, being followed by echoes so faint and soft as to be just perceptible. During the time the instrument was playing, the party were at perfect liberty to look under the table, and could see it playing and the keys moving. Mr. Home was next entranced, during which time he gave some of the circle good advice. He also walked about the room and ball with ease, placing things in their proper position, although his eyes were closely blindfolded. After he was released from that state, the members of the circle were all touched by a hand, which was distinctly seen three times above the table. The accident was taken from the hand of the gentleman holding it and placed upon the floor some distance off, again and again were the touches repeated, when suddenly the chair in which Mr. Home was sitting was drawn away from the table, he was lifted to

an upright position, and gradually raised until his feet were at least two feet from the floor, and as gently lowered. Other wonderful manifestations took place, among which we have only space to mention two. Footsteps were heard in the hall, the front door was opened and shut, and steps were heard crossing the gravel walk, and a carriage was heard to drive up to the house and stop, but on opening the door, neither carriage, horse, man or woman was visible. All these manifestations were in the light. Is it the work of spirits—what is it?—Hartford Post.

Letter from a Recent Soldier to his Better-Half.

CAMP OF 1st SOUTH CAR. GRAY-BACKS, BEFORE A SWAMP AND BEHIND PETERSBURG, ON THURSDAY, DEC. 10th, '64.

Beloved of my soul: Your war-worn husband takes his pen in hand, in a strange land, on a foreign strand, under the command of our mutual friend, Col. Pluck Buzard, of Rainwater Court House, South Carolina. My pen is pale and I have aie. My ink is poor and so is my grub. My quarters in camp are passable, but the quarters in my pocket are not. Last night I had a mud-puddle for my pillow, and covered myself with a sheet of water. I long for more whisky barrels and less gun barrels, more biscuit and less bullets. How I wish you were here—So you may know how we work here in defiance of the cursed Yankee—I send you what dyes call it—a diary of my daily labor.

Five o'clock—Called up from a roll in the mud by a roll of drums. No prospect of a roll of bread. Shoulder straps.

Half past five to six A. M.—I dig and throw up the earth. Get sick and throw up yesterday's ration.

Seven o'clock—Another roll of drums. Filing off into lines and staring off, drawing rations, but no pay. No shelling out by Government, but a cursed sight shelling out by Grant.

Nine o'clock—More drilling, but not of the cotton kind, where with to increase my present supply of one shirt.

Ten o'clock—More digging. Spadular resources into the geological formation of the earth. Find it comprises alternate strata of sweat, musktoke, swearing and blister.

Twelve o'clock—Evidence of dinner. Saw Captain Yawlsack picking his teeth with a ten penny nail, and corporal taxing a chest of tobacco.

Oh, Maria, if you only knew what I have suffered to save you from being bombarded by the diabolical Yanks! Rather than any of the Northern scoundrels blockade my dear Maria, I'd divorce her. Oh! Pluck dear Maria, never being shot in the neck by one of his own officers.

The Colonel had just got his staff together, and struck his noble steed with it. When Capt. Swipes leveled a bottle at him. Fortunately, the contents missed his jugular and went down by the natural way. I am reduced to a skeleton. My eyes are sunk so far in my head that I can look down my windpipe. If there was a hole in the top of my head I'd make a first rate telescope. (I've got the glasses in me now.) My chin is so sharp that it shaves itself. I am going on picket to-night. Picket duty is awful hard work. Almost every night a picket's gun goes off, and when we go to look for him we find he's gone off too. Ever your dear husband.

Roback's Handicaps.

P. S.—If your old father has drunk up all the tanglefoot juice I left at home, I'll cram the dogmash down his throat and cork up his sarcophagus with a boot heel. That's so Maria.

A Wedding that Didn't Come Off.

Tax Pittsburg Chronicle is responsible for the following, which we doubt not is literally true—at least it is laughable and well told:

A rather rich affair occurred in East Liberty the other night, for the particulars of which we were indebted to a friend. It appears that a "billed" individual, named Smith, being smitten with the dusky charms of a female acquaintance, proposed for her hand, and his suit having been accepted, the day was named, and every thing arranged to make the twin one. Accordingly, one night last week the parties, accompanied by several friends, presented themselves at the house of their preacher to be married, and everything was progressing pleasantly until the preacher put the usual question whether there were any present who had sought to say against the union of the pair? A pause followed, which was soon broken, however, by a big colored fellow responding from among the spectators:

"Yes sah, The objections to urge to dis here marriage proceedin' farder."

As soon as the excitement which the interruption produced had subsided, the bridegroom looking daggers at the intruder, invited him, if he had "any objections to make to spit 'em out, I guess you can't prove nothin' agin me no how."

The other drawing himself up to his full height, replied with solemn dignity: "Mr. Smith, I am come up here all de way from Oakland, to stop dis here marriage. You know, sah, you have a wife in the Shenandoah Valley, and that the poor woman lubs you to def. Mr. Smith I've shamed ob you! your conduct is disgraceful!"

"Mr. Smith," asked the preacher, "what have you to say to this?"

"Why, sah," said Smith, "I had a wife in de Shenandoah Valley, but I think she is dead."

"Dead!" repeated the other. "Why, Mr. Smith, I saw her the other day, and sent her husband to you, and the children's husband, and told you to send her some money. Declare I've ashamed of you, Mr. Smith."

Some further conversation took place, and the result was that the marriage was stopped, which affected the bride, that she swooned away, falling into the arms of the preacher much to the annoyance of the Reverend gentleman who hardly anticipated a discomfiture so weighty or ridiculous.

Newspapers vs. "County Produce."

The Dayton Journal has recently advanced the price of its Weekly to \$2.50 a year, at which the editors say some of his former subscribers complain not a little. To prove that they have no cause to grumble, he makes a comparison between the present prices of several leading articles of country produce and the prices two years ago, who shows that the "advances in almost everything that farmers have to sell is much greater than the advances in the price of newspapers. Here is the table, and we commend it to any of our farmer readers, who may consider our recent advance in the price of our paper unreasonable.

PRICES TWO YEARS AGO. PRESENT PRICES.

15 bush. Wheat.....\$1.50.....\$3.50

4 bush. Corn......1.00.....1.50

12 lbs. Butter......1.00.....1.50

10 doz Eggs......1.00.....1.50

8 bush Potatoes.....1.00.....1.50

24 lbs Pork......1.50.....2.00

24 lbs Beef......1.50.....2.00

After presenting the above figures, the editor of the Journal very generously (it offers to furnish his paper to farmers at the old price (\$1.50) and take his pay in any of the articles named at the old prices—that is to say 15 bushels Wheat; 4 bushels Corn; 12 lbs. of Butter, and so on, for a year's subscription. The present price of the paper being \$2.50, any one can see at a glance how much each subscriber would lose by accepting the editor's offer. Deduct \$2.50 from the present value of each item, as given in the last column of wheat, and it will be seen he will lose on his wheat 80 cts; Corn 100 cts; Butter \$2.50, Eggs \$1.50, Potatoes \$3.50, Pork \$2.50, Beef \$2.50, Sargum \$2.00.

A Cold—Do you know what it is?

asked Lamb of Bernard Barton, describing his own state, "to succumb under an insupportable dysentery—a thorough lethargy." "Folks call it an indisposition to do anything, or to be anything—a total deadness and distaste—a suspension of vitality—an indifference to locality—a numb's spiritual god-for-nothingness—a ossification all over—an system-like indifference to passing events—a mind stupor—a brainy defiance to the necessities of a flourishing conscience—with a total insensibility to water-gruel processes?"

That's—Of all kinds of rights, (says an old chap who has been "thar," the worst right is the money right;—the equize is so painfully grinding. A whicky tight may be slept off in a few hours, a tight gaiter may be replaced by slippers, a tight corset (the ladies understand) can be loosened as please—all afflicts can be overcome but that distasteful of all rights, the rightness of money. Oh, for a night, to remove the blight, caused by jones light, that men may calmly sleep in the night, and wake in the morning all right, and find money less tight.

A Rectory for Piles.—It is a blessing to the suffering to know that we have an effective cure for this troublesome disease. Mr. J. P. Mearns, of 164 Second Street, Cincinnati, O., takes great pleasure in informing all who are suffering from piles that he has a small quantity of Dr. Strickland's Pile Remedy, and it effected a permanent cure. This remedy to be the case with all who make use of this splendid preparation. It is manufactured at No. 6 East Fourth Street, Cincinnati O., and sold by all Druggists.

DIARRHEA AND DYSENTERY.—We have examined a great number of letters from some of the most citizens of Cincinnati and Covington, Ohio, speaking in the highest terms of Dr. Strickland's Anti-Cholera Mixture for the cure of diarrhea and dysentery. The letters are too long to publish. Mr. W. Woods, of Covington, says he was pronounced incurable by the best doctors in Cincinnati, and one bottle of Dr. Strickland's Anti-Cholera Mixture effected a permanent cure after suffering for months with the worst form of diarrhea and dysentery.

Another says he was discharged from the United States service after suffering in the hospital for 8 months as incurable, and as a last resource tried Strickland's Anti-Cholera Mixture he got well directly and has now entered the army again in good health. One man writes he has cured seven or eight very bad cases of diarrhea and dysentery in the barracks he was in with one bottle of this valuable medicine. In fact we could fill half our paper with similar items from these letters. Why does not our Government secure this valuable preparation. Our army ought to be supplied with it. It is but a short time since one of our men laid in a very low condition at one of our Cincinnati Hospitals, his wife was sent for, his doctors considered him a hopeless case. She, however, gave him Strickland's Anti-Cholera Mixture, and in three weeks he was able to return home with his wife to New Richmond, O. All these cases right at home speak for themselves. We hope all the soldiers will put a bottle of it in their knapsacks, it may save them or some other comrades. It is for sale by all respectable druggists.

HORSE DRUGS.—We trust our friends, and others, who have nice horses, and who will want nice bills this season, will bear in mind that we are prepared to execute all that kind.

We want about a million more subscribers. Send them along.